

› Get Fired Up

[Verse 1: Paris]

What you know about that hip-hop that's corporatized?
What you know about them porch monkey raps and lies?
What you know about the image black men as pimps?
And Slavor Slav-a** country coon n***as with limp?
What you know about a mack MC with skills
Who could spit and kick real sh*t people could feel?
What you know about the radio and fake-a** clowns
With the same ten songs, every city and town?
What you know about that Hollywood culture fetish
And who f**kin' who and what b*t*hes is wearin'?
And who gettin' fat and who adoptin' who
And what n***a got arrested now actin' a fool?
What you know about these rappers on Cribs at night?
Shootin' pool with no motherf**kin' books in sight
Grinnin' grills when they showin' off they rims and ice
With that (Ha!), wish them dumb motherf**kers be quiet
See, I'm fresh outta favors, so excuse my tone
This bullsh*t been goin' on way too long
Who decide what you listen to and what gets shown?
Who decides what message get inside your home?
I'm knowin' all about devil-a** Jimmy Iovine
And all of the rest of the killin' machine
Debra Lee and the BET hoes and demons
Dealin' dope through the radio and video screens
I'm sayin', what if we demand a change?
And blow heads off 'stead of complainin'
I'll bet then you listen what folks sayin'
When we say we had enough, knowin we ain't playin'

Now get fired up

[Hook: T-K.A.S.H. and Sandy Griffith]

(Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Louder!) (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up, (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Oh-wa-oh)

Look at what they doin' to me

(Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Louder!) (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up, (Oh-wa-oh)

I get fired up (Oh-wa-oh)

Look at what they doin' to me

[Verse 2]

Oh yeah, and f**k these political hacks

Wanna act like they the mouthpiece for Blacks
Jesse Lee and Ward Connerly and Keyes, attack
Anything Black when white folks writing the checks

And in fact, I could see hella n***as is blind

Like Armstrong leavin' every child behind

And McWhorter's a w**** too, sh*t is a crime

Clarence Thomas couldn't ever be a brother of mine

I shine light on that bullsh*t, it's all self hate (Yeah)

Who the next face to betray the race?

I place bets that the real people sure to relate

When I blast on that bootlickin' masquerade, and say

"Hold up, wait a minute, n***a stop please

Me don't suffer from victim mentality

All we ever did was try to get a piece

Of the pie that supposedly for everybody"

Real talk, somebody best tell Russell

Fo' street n***as catch his a** up in a tussle

Drop squad in effect man, de-program

We throw his pink wearing a** in the back of the van

And say no more rap apologist, I quit

Every diamond is a blood diamond, please forgive

And see me redeemed for the deeds I did

For that Def Jam scam pushin' poison to kids

Now get fired up

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I get fired up (Oh-wa-oh)

Look at what they doin' to me

[Verse 3]

What about these racists that talk that sh*t

'Bout these immigrants, like they claim to it's legit?
Like they ain't stole it anyway, murdered and pillaged
Like they justified, cryin' 'bout they want to get rid of
It's the one-two-three, the three to two-one (Yeah)

This nation was built on the backs of brown
Slave trade and the dead red population
Put the yellow man in a camp concentration
Now, I blast on these right wing hoes
Now, who'll be the first exposed?

Hannity with that weak doublespeak his tone
I'll make his drop out bartenderin' a** get thrown
And f**k Mike Savage, radio snake
With that bully bullsh*t minuteman debate
Pro-life, pro-war, man, it's all pro-hate
Do him in for his sins and Katrina disdain
And uh, motherf**k yo' taxes b*t*h
While Chevron is stackin' chips
While they send another off to die
Send another young body to Iraq with lies

What the f**k you gonna say to me? I see right through it
Through the smokescreen, keepin' folks meaner and stupid
Through the fake fear, fake tears, pride and collusion
Ain't no fakes here, all I see is lies and abuses
P (Dog), still the one you can't f**k with
Educated then a motherf**ker, I see clearly
Can't be whupped or debated, can't break my spirit
Never bought off, never go soft, and never fear it
Hear it loud when I say it, that's the way that it go
Hear it loud, cause I'm killin' 'em with words in a row
B*t*h, it ain't Paris Hilton, it's the murderous flow
Only P-Dog spittin' is the Paris you know

Now get